

# **THE OMEN**

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**ISSUE 3**  
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# **HAS BEEN CANCELED**



# **GO HOME**

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Front Cover: Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

Back Cover: Leo Zhang and Jay Poggi

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in any format (no PDFs please) by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, the Omen Office, Leo’s mailbox (1593), or Jay’s mailbox (0370).

Policy

The Omen is an every-other-week-ly publication that is the world’s only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that break neither the law nor the [Hampshire College Student Handbook](#). Send your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fanfiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry to omen@hampshire.edu; we’ll publish it all, and we’re happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire’s longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you’re submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can’t promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which take place every other Friday at 7:00 p.m. in the basement of Merrill A. You should come and answer the staff box question. We don’t bite. You can find the Omen every other Monday in Saga, the post office, online at [expelallo.men](#), and just about any other place we can find to put it.

Find all issues here!

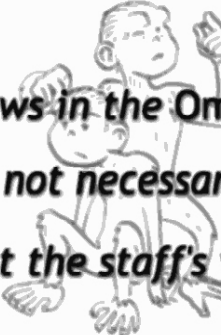


THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff’s views (5)



EDITORIAL

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

by Leo Zhang

We don’t have an editorial, so instead of writing one of any notably not-bad quality, let me tell you about the absolutely FUCKED up week I’ve had in my damn house.

I’m a late sleeper. A night owl, if you will. If you contact me at 2 AM there is a non-zero percent chance that I will see it immediately. Nighttime is when I feel like I have the most freedom to do the things I want to do—namely write—so if I get myself in a writing mood late at night, I’ll usually stay up until all of the ideas have left my brain and have been recorded onto a page, because I cannot trust that I will remember those ideas when I wake up later. I also run a text-based RPG on Saturday nights, and though I try to avoid this, sometimes our sessions will run past midnight. This is all important context for what I am about to say.

Which is that I was awake at 2:30 AM two Saturdays ago (10/8), sitting at my shitty plastic dining table after having concluded a late night RPG session. Two of my modmates were still out of the house for the long weekend, and my third modmate was asleep and had been for a while. So the house was completely silent, until I heard something rattling in the kitchen.

Now, our house often makes noises with no warning, so I wasn’t particularly bothered until I started *seeing* something, too. My eyesight is horrible, and my glasses prescription is outdated, so I can’t really see shit, but even so, I saw something moving. When I looked up I saw what seemed to be a tail slipping UNDER OUR STOVE BURNER, carrying a crust of burnt cheese that I’d left on a pan earlier (was too hot to touch at the time, and then I just forgot). I remember thinking to myself, Okay, what kind of creature got into our house? My first and largest guess was a mouse, considering the tail and the cheese. But I’m a sheltered Texan guy, and I’ve never had to deal with rodents in my house. I would’ve had a much easier time dealing with the situation if it had been a horse kicking down our back door. But it wasn’t a horse. It was a ???, rodent-adjacent, or possibly a very large moth. I didn’t know of any rodent or insect habits that included climbing into a stove burner.

Because I am a sheltered Texan guy, I kind of freaked to my online friends, who were still awake. Bless their hearts, they tried so hard to help me through it. I had mostly calmed down until I heard that same rattling shit AGAIN. Looked up and saw basically the same thing. My friends suggested I call Campus Safety, so I did, nervously asking the person on the other end if CampSa could remove rodents from mods. I was told that they could not and that I would have to call an external company to take care of it and I remember thinking *I am going to cry. How is this allowed.* And then—I remember this clearly—one of my friends told me, “LEO YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP UR HOUSEMATE”.

So I did. It was 3 AM at this point and I felt so, so bad about it. It was mostly just me nervous rambling to them about what to do, while they were still groggy from being woken up. They turned on the stove light and couldn’t see anything in the burner that I knew that fucking creature was in, and after trying to call Amherst’s animal control center several times (not realizing that Google lied saying it’s open 24/7), my modmate told me that there was really nothing we could do for now. I told them that they could go back to bed and that I was so incredibly sorry and that if I ended up calling a company to come over, I just wanted them to know so they wouldn’t be confused about a bunch of strangers in our

house. They said they trusted my judgment (generally a bad idea) and went back to bed.

I didn’t end up calling an external company, because money, and as far as I was aware, it was one (1) mouse. That didn’t really call for a pest control company to me. And my only other option was to call the POLICE, so obviously I didn’t want to do that. So I just sent some messages to my mod group chat and went to sleep, already rapidly growing apathetic to the situation.

The next day, Jay’s mom bought us rodent traps. I set them up and waited.

Guess what? Nothing. For DAYS.

Two days after the initial sighting, I kicked the shit out of the stove in an attempt to get the mouse to show itself. Guess what? NOTHING. I genuinely thought I had hallucinated it until that night.

I was once again awake at 2 AM, this time on our couch instead of at the table. I suddenly noticed movement in the corner of my eye. I looked up.

THE F U C K I N G M O U S E W A S R E A L

I managed to catch a video of it standing by our fridge before promptly running INTO OUR FRIDGE. You know how refrigerators have those little crevices at the bottom, beneath the doors? It ran in there. WHY?

At least I knew I wasn’t hallucinating, because I got it on video. This was also the day Jay got back from being gone for the long weekend. I woke up to the sight of three new rodent traps scattered around the three existing rodent traps. These traps also had what Jay describes as “rat goo” in them, presumably some kind of bait. Jay ushered me into the kitchen and pointed at something on the ground. Has this always been here, they asked. Yes, I said, I think so.

Well, said Jay. This is also a rodent trap.

I looked. Lo and be-fucking-hold, it was a rodent trap. We knew because it was the SAME BRAND OF RODENT TRAP as the ones he brought home, only this one was covered in dust from not having been moved since last year. So clearly the residents before us had their own rodent issues, perhaps with the same rodent.

That was really funny, but in the pathetic kind of way.

And, well, frankly, after that I mostly stopped thinking about it. Our traps have been unsuccessful, but we know the mouse is still here because it stole some uncooked spaghetti noodles that had fallen into one of the burners. There is now a trap on top of our stove as well, with similar results.

That’s the danger of leaving college students to deal with a mouse in their home by themselves. We are just too tired and busy to care after a while. Is it a health hazard? Yes! Does it give us some doubts about the infrastructural integrity of our mod? Absolutely! Are we going to pour our limited amounts of time, energy and money into getting it out? No fucking way! We can’t be bothered, bro. We’re so tired. We don’t want to deal with a mouse. We shouldn’t *have* to deal with a mouse. We shouldn’t have to pay an external company to come into our home and get it out for us. We just don’t have the emotional, physical, or financial resources for it. So what do we do? We just live with it. He’s our new modmate now, I guess. The bastard loves his little hidey holes.

On a somewhat similar note, within the past week I’ve also had to deal with a minor ladybug infestation in my bedroom. I don’t know where these ladybugs are coming from or why they like my bedroom light so much, but I’ve become very attuned to the sound of ladybug wings. I’ve made myself a whole system for catching and releasing ladybugs, because I don’t like killing bugs.

Step 1: Prepare items. This includes getting a clear plastic cup, a sheet of paper, an extendable tape measure within arm’s reach. This also includes moving a chair under the light. This also also includes putting on a warm sweater with pockets to hold phone and house keys/student ID.

Step 2: Coax the ladybug out from the light. Do this by extending the tape measure and smacking the light until it comes out.

Step 3: Wait until the ladybug lands on a relatively flat surface where the cup can trap it. This could be either the ceiling or the surface of the light itself, if the light is relatively flat.

Step 4: Step onto the chair and use the cup to trap the ladybug. Slowly slide the paper under the rim, so as to not allow a large enough gap that the ladybug is able to escape.

Step 5: Keeping the paper over the mouth of the cup, go outside. Be sure to close the door enough that more ladybugs aren’t able to get in. Keep keys handy in case, for whatever reason, the door closes and you’re locked out

Step 6: Use the paper to transfer the ladybug from the cup to a nearby surface. If it’s dark out, use phone flashlight to see.

Step 7: Go back inside. Done.

So, as you can see, I’ve perfected my method to be easiest for me and my anxiety about bugs flying in my face. So far, I have had to catch and release five ladybugs, three of which were within the same two hour period. I don’t know if there’s an infestation on campus or something, but needless to say, I was not pleased about having to get out of bed three times to remove ladybugs from my room.

So that’s it. The mouse is still here somewhere, not falling for any of our traps. I expect more ladybugs in my room soon. I am dangerously close to naming the mouse, since my friends have already seemed to accept that Mod 69 has a new roommate, and I am also rapidly careening towards that acceptance.

That’s been my creature-filled Wild’n’Wacky Wednesday [9 days strong]. Give me strength because this mouse and these bugs are testing me and brother, I’m going to need a grade curve on this one.

TL;DR:





*P.S. This is Jay. Every word of Leo’s was true. Try as I might, these rats will not eat their goo. If you have any talent for vermin wrangling, I beg of you, contact us at [jawp21@hampshire.edu](mailto:jawp21@hampshire.edu) or [bz20@hampshire.edu](mailto:bz20@hampshire.edu). I have it on good authority that Ed Wingenbach himself will pay you handsomely for the removal of the wee beast. We live on his property, after all.*

***P.P.S. It’s JAY AGAIN. As I write this, it is 12:30 PM ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18TH, 2022. THIS MORNING, AT 3:12 AM, LEO DISCOVERED, ENTIRELY ON THEIR OWN, THAT IT IS POSSIBLE TO REQUEST “PEST CONTROL” VIA HAMPSHIRE’S ESTEEMED “SCHOOL DUDE” MAINTENANCE REQUEST SERVICE. WHY DID CAMPUS SAFETY NOT MENTION THIS? WHY? WE HAVE SPENT THE PAST THREE<sup>(3)</sup> MONTHS CHIN-DEEP IN THE DOMAIN OF RATS AND FOR WHAT?***

# SECTION SPEAK

## AT THE STUDIO, IT’S ALWAYS RAINING

by Samara Hazel Wilson

*The wood is muddy and sits between  
the gaps in your toes,  
the yellow lights break through the earth’s core.*

*Everything was suddenly open,  
the metal ceiling rolled away  
and you lost yourself in the middle of it,*

*the bar is a ship’s railing  
the mirror is the skyline that refuses to stop.*

*It’s an ocean out here now  
and you’re firmly anchored to its floor.  
there’s a window but nobody watches you  
as you’re tossed around by the undertow,  
stirring you into colors and essence.*

*A siren rubs your foot and sings  
sever, sever  
let go  
and the tingling stops.*

*You’re back home, though it’s unrecognizable to you  
it missed being someone’s shell.  
the paint is grey and chipped  
a girl sings outside on your front porch,*

*Wooden orange posts peek through the invasive green vines.  
There’s something burning inside,  
unquenched by the water encapsulating you.*

*The applauding rain runs south  
and the trees are a yellow green.  
your skin twirls down the storm drain.*

*You never liked it very much anyway.*



I wrote this poem surrounding the events and feelings of a special day I had in the Small Dance Studio, located in the Music and Dance Building, one of my favorite places on campus. After releasing a toxic (and thankfully short) “relationship” from my life, I came to the studio to explore all of the emotions that were arising in me. There were things I had already said, things I couldn’t say with my words despite being a writer, and things I had yet to admit to myself in the first place. I remember how dark and gloomy it was outside when I first got there, and the yellow lights contrasting with the blue hue of the world put me in a sort of petri dish, illuminated and begging to be analyzed.

I don’t remember much else from that studio session other than the end of it. I was tired of dancing around my problems (at times, literally), and I wanted everything to boil over and spill out onto that floor. I was tired of justifying him by villainizing myself. Through crawling, falling, getting up again, burning my feet, curling up into various fetal positions, spinning and becoming dizzy, I allowed myself to admit that what he had done to me was wrong, and that it is okay for me to feel misled and betrayed. The sky was a blueish black and the rain was beating on the metal ceiling, just as angry as I was. There was a vortex forming somewhere inside me, unsettled and unsatisfied. At some point, that anger ran out. I can’t say when, but it skittered away and emptiness took its place, though not negative (emptiness is the only state in which we can be filled).

At the end of what can only be described as an exorcism, I laid on the cold floor, watching all of my sadness circulate above me. It truly felt like I was at the bottom of the ocean, slowly letting the weight of my body sink into the sand. My left foot started to fall asleep, and I paid close attention to all of the sensations. I noticed how the energy moved up and down and up my foot, suffocating my big toe to the point where I thought it would explode. I thought about angels massaging my foot – maybe even my mother’s father, the one who I resemble most and the one who awoke my mother and I from sleeping simultaneously to see him standing right outside her door many years after he died – and I started to cry. Maybe this was it, my final performance for the gods before they swept me up and took me home. Son Lux’s “Sever” filled the room like smoke, serenading me and asking me to “let go of it all” and “sever what isn’t mine, keep what is mine.” The clouds parted for just a moment, and I look to my left to see a couple of trees through the window turning orange and green. Did the sky open up just for me? I left the studio in stirring silence. It was no longer raining, everything was alive.

In many ways, this was not about him. It was about everything I was holding inside of me, everything (and everyone) I refused to let go of, claiming responsibility of it all even though it is not mine to take. I believe that day was when the heavens and the earth intertwined, just for a second, just for me. 🙏

# 2:18 am monday morning :(((

by willow watson

in many different senses, i’m reshaping who i am right now & every day that i spend at hampshire. that isn’t to say that i’m hiding myself, or changing myself for someone else’s benefit, but it is a fact that i am a fundamentally different person than i was even by the end of august. to begin with, there is the obvious: i am now a college student, & as has become very clear to me, i am independent. beyond that, i’m transitioning, which is a more real & physical difference, literally allowing me to grow into a different person than i had been. even these changes are shallow & surface-level compared to some of the chunks of my identity that are being forced to reform as i realize the key things i held true about myself - maybe primary among them being the fact that i’m an older sibling.

just meeting me or talking to me on campus, you might not know it, but i have a younger brother named john, born about a year & a half later than me. ever since he was born, we’ve been closer than anyone else in my life. he makes up half of my phone’s combination, half of my minecraft username, & at least half of the person i am now. we were a pair, with each one adding something to the other. it wasn’t like we couldn’t spend time apart, but almost all of our friends & families thought of us together, & to some extent, i think i did too. no one understands me like john, because we both are influenced by the same things, get the same jokes, grew up with the same music & developed taste in almost everything by bouncing things off the other. often i’m the only person who can interpret what he’s trying to say, & he’s the only other person i’ve ever met who keeps my pace in multiplayer games.

despite all this, he’s not here with me - & that is perfectly fine! i don’t mind leaving, & i’m sure he’s fine with me gone. even once he graduates, there is no chance he’d attend the same college i was going to, & we are both happy to take our own paths. the thing is, this article isn’t really about john, & that’s the problem: i’m trying, right now, to write about myself. the difficulty arrives in defining who that is, exactly, & more importantly when it comes down to it, how to express that. who am i when i’m not the quiet one to my brother’s silly one - the “wiggler” to his “giggler?” it’s not even as though that’s the only thing that’s different, either, because i’m coming from somewhere else, from schools that were entirely different & a town that was entirely different & a social setting where i was entirely different, but john is a helpful way to encapsulate all of those differences that leave me a changed person in their absence. it’s bizarre to me that anyone sees me as a fully-formed person without him there to complement me, or any of the other stuff that means so much to who i am. obviously, i can’t go through life being defined by my brother, & i’ve certainly changed since he considered me his brother, so i have to get better at redefining myself.

i’ve found, however, that it’s a little more complicated to redefine myself than i might have imagined - or maybe less? it’s hard to say, because no matter what i say or do, i seem to be stuck in the same rut. i can’t help but write about things at home when i’m trying to talk about how much i’ve changed, & worse than that i can’t help but frame everything as an uphill battle just like i did all of last year. it’s annoying that i can’t tell if i’m making myself feel the way i’m feeling, & that i can’t just stop thinking about how i’m thinking about other things & move on like i’m claiming to want to. if i want to talk about how much john is a part of me, then why do i have to make it about moving on, or building myself? it should be easier to just be my own person & not make it a problem that i need to solve, but i guess i’m not ready to change that part of myself yet. i suppose in the end i’m managing to define myself through writing about him so i don’t have to leave that behind? really i’m too tired for this :( 🙏

# Song for My Grandfather

by Malfoy Kimmel

Somewhere in my dresser drawer  
there’s a picture of us:  
he cradles me against his shoulder  
eyes through wire-rimmed glasses staring  
off into the distance--  
my baby gaze following, brow furrowed.  
I don’t remember what we were looking at.  
An animal? with curious eyes, a tail, feathers?  
Sunlight glinting off the ocean?

The last I saw him, I hugged him twice.  
Once for hello,  
once for goodbye.  
I pressed the back of his hand to my forehead--  
a Filipino blessing.

I don’t remember what he said to me.  
But I imagine he called me anak,  
my dear, loved one  
eldest of my eldest.  
His hands, brown and weathered--  
his shirt a thin cotton waft  
of cigarette smoke.

*Tatay*, my mom called him,  
usually with exasperation, as she complained to  
my dad  
that he was asking for money again.  
But she always sent it, I think,  
with feigned annoyance,  
because when she was a girl,  
raising five siblings,  
he sent back money,  
working halfway across Asia  
for months at a time.


*He had a hard life, your Lolo*,  
my mother says to me over the phone.  
I stare at my shoes,  
curled up on the stairs  
as if the wind’s been knocked out of me.  
She speaks of the hospital,  
a rude, idiot, neurosurgeon,

her cousins huddled in the car  
following the ambulance.

*He wanted to be cremated.*  
She stops, gathers the words.  
*To be with Nanay.*  
Mother. I wonder how it must feel:  
an orphan at forty-nine.  
One day, I will bury my parents.  
I will carry out their rites.  
Perhaps in a week,  
or in forty years.

*Love you, Mom.*  
At some point, I hang up.  
Miles south,  
my mother tries to move on, to rest--  
she has been up all night.  
Tonight, perhaps, I too will be unable to sleep,

squinting off into the distance,  
brow furrowed, trying to see reason,  
trying to spot my Lolo  
meeting his wife beneath a mango tree.

3 October 2022 

# The Sculptor Review: A Graphic Novel by an Artist

## About Being an Artist

by Nicholas Utakis-Smith

So, if you’re interested in writing comics or graphic novels, or if you took Uzma Khan’s *Reading and Creating Comics* class last semester, you’ve probably read *Understanding Comics* by Scott Mccloud. If you haven’t, it’s a nonfiction book in comic form discussing the nature and beauty of comics as a medium and art form, as well as this history of comics. This book, as well as its two sequels, *Reinventing Comics* and *Making Comics* have made Mccloud decently well known as a nonfiction comic writer. But he’s also written multiple fiction comics, most notably the superhero/sci-fi comic *Zot!* in the 80s, and more recently, *The Sculptor*, published in 2015. Content Warnings for the Sculptor include: Depictions of suicide and frequent depictions of suicidal ideation

*The Sculptor* is a fascinating read from a formalistic perspective; It’s got the level of not only technical competency, but also uniqueness and innovation that you’d expect from an author that spent over a decade analyzing the comic medium. The art itself is pretty solid, but the way that speech bubbles, characters, and panels are laid out frequently uses effects that I haven’t seen in any other comic. This uniqueness simultaneously makes *The Sculptor* a novel and interesting read, but also makes me hope this graphic novel becomes influential enough that these techniques become commonplace.

My favorite example of the unique tools used by the comic is when the author illustrates that the protagonist, David Smith, not paying attention to what someone else is saying. When this happens, Mccloud draws the speech bubble cut off by the boundaries of the panel, making the audience aware the character is saying something, but without a way to know what they are saying. Many visual mediums, comics included, rely on creating suspense by making the audience aware of something just out of view without showing it. Comics, however, have an advantage in this over other mediums, such as film: In a comic, sound is just as much a part of the visual space as any of the physical objects. As such, offscreen space is played with to affect dialogue. The way this offscreen space is used in *The Sculptor* is also interesting because what the reader isn’t seeing is controlled by David Smith, our POV character. It creates an interesting kind of dramatic irony when the main character can hear something, but doesn’t want to, and the audience wants to hear it, but can’t, especially when this is paired with a situation where the audience is rooting for David Smith to actually listen to and communicate with the people in his life. And *The Sculptor* plays with the way the comic is structured in a variety of ways, this is just the way that I’ve thought about the most.

But what is *The Sculptor* actually about? In a literal sense, it’s about “David Smith, whom Death gives 200 days to live in exchange for the power to sculpt anything he can imagine. Complications set in when David falls in love.” (the synopsis from the wikipedia article. On a surface level, the comic is a character study of a guy who is very messed up in a lot of ways, to the point where he thinks dying in 200 days is worth it if he gets to be really good at sculpture. On a deeper level, *The Sculptor* is about Mccloud’s own experience as an artist. Both *The Sculptor* and Mccloud’s nonfiction comics tackle themes of how capitalism stifles artistic creativity; While his nonfiction (mostly *Reinventing Comics*) talks about distribution and creator rights in the comic industry from a historical and economic perspective, *The Sculptor* examines the emotional impact of feeling like you’ve got something to say with your art and feeling like you can’t get anybody to listen. David Smith’s art is deeply personal, and doesn’t make a lot of sense to anyone else, and at the same time he’s completely unwilling to make anything other than the art he wants to make, even if it means being ridiculed and going homeless. Both *Reinventing*

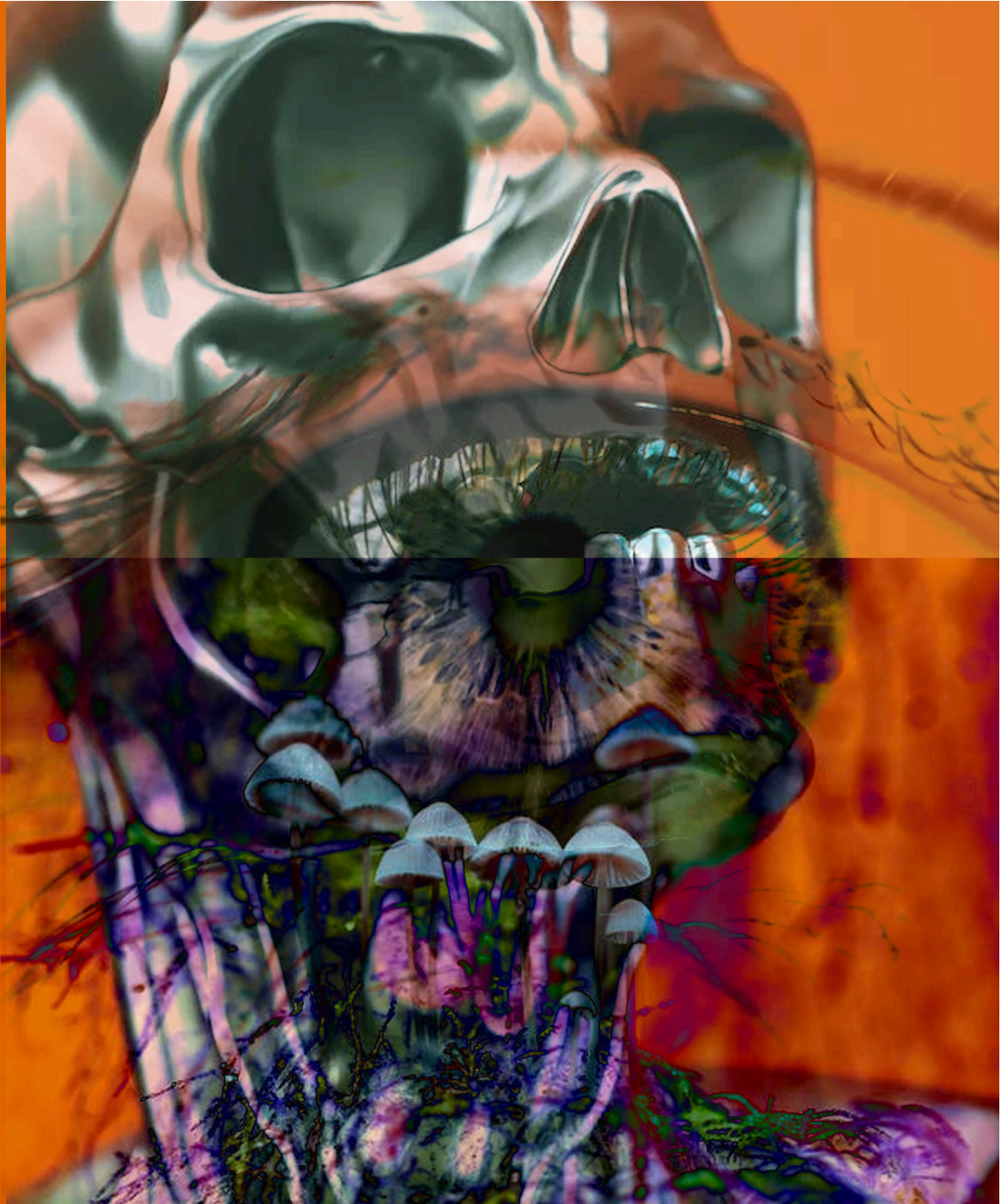


Comics and *The Sculptor* leave us with the question if art even needs the conventional distribution methods, but while in *Reinventing Comics* the idea is theoretical and speculative, in *The Sculptor* the idea is liberating and revolutionary.

I actually read the *The Sculptor* through a copy I borrowed from the Hampshire library, so that’s probably the easiest way to read it yourself. If you like depressing stories about fucked up people, hate capitalism, and sometimes feel hopeless about being an artist or writer living under capitalism, and like seeing the cool things people can do with the graphic novel structure, I highly recommend finding a way to read *The Sculptor* by Scott Mccloud. 🐼

Album 4 cover by Jacqueline-Delphine Laffitte 🐼

Idiosyncratic Ladies —  
Jacqueline-Delphine



turnip  
WITH RACHEL #3  
by Rachel Kremer

Tip: Baby Steps

I feel like when it comes to cooking at home, imposter syndrome is real. We all know someone who says they “don’t use recipes” or “don’t even measure anything”, and when you are first starting off or trying out something new you need a recipe and you need to measure. First of all, there is no shame in this whatsoever. Cooking can be whatever you want it to be and if that is inventing new recipes on the daily, do it. If you want to follow a recipe down to the amount of stirs they tell you, do it!! But, if you want to start dabbling in measuring less, here is my tip for you. Everytime you measure salt in your upcoming recipes, pour it into your hand and then into your recipe. This will help you visualize the difference between a teaspoon and a tablespoon. Salt will brush right off your hands easily and if there is any waste, it is pretty cheap!

Breakfast Prep: Overnight Oats

I’m back again to tell you to eat three meals a day, and to meal prep your breakfast so you’re way more likely to actually have breakfast rather than an iced lavender latte from the Kern.

I first want to start off by saying that you do not need cute containers for overnight oats. A tupperware works totally fine! If you want to go the mason jar route, I have thrifted well over half my collection, and sometimes I buy a jar of pasta sauce that is 50 cents more just so I can reuse the jar!

This recipe is more like inspiration than a recipe. Overnight oats is the same base everytime and then different additives to make it yummier. On that note, add all the yummy things. Oats are boring and bland on their own and are not the side of the bed you want to be waking up on!

Base Recipe:

- 1/2 c oats (rolled or quick just not steel cut)
- 1/2 c milk (any)
- 1 tbsp flax seed (I add this for \*health\* lolz mostly because my mom told me to so def not need. Sometimes I use chia seeds too. Basically makes things more filling)
- 1 tbsp sweetener (honey, agave, brown sugar)

Directions:

- Put all ingredients in a container and mix. I build an assembly line and do oats x5, honey x5, milk x5, etc. Store in the fridge.



Mix Ins:

- Apple pie - Dice up an apple, throw it in a pan with some brown sugar and cinnamon and saute until soft. Place the apples on top of your already mixed oats.
- Reese’s - mix a tablespoon of peanut butter and a tablespoon of chocolate chips in with your oats. Take it one step further by mashing half a banana in too!
- Berries - add any type of berry to the top of your already mixed oats. To be a little more cost effective, you can buy frozen berries and they will defrost in the fridge and the oats will soak up the berry juices!
- Brown Sugar Shaken Espresso - y’all this is too extra but one week I made a shot of espresso per jar and then added in some brown sugar and low key made a dupe for the popular Starbucks drink. You can really shoot for the stars when it comes to overnight oats!

There are quite literally thousands of overnight oats recipes out there! If you have a craving or something to use up just search ‘overnight oats + whatever’ and I can guarantee a Pinterst mom has already done all the work for you!!

Quick Lunch: Roll Ups

I am not sure if I am even allowed to call this a recipe because what I am about to share takes no cutlery, you don’t cook it and you really don’t even need a plate. I potentially am simply reminding you of a super yummy and simple snack you had growing up or I am sharing a way for you to eat lunch quick and easy!

The class roll up is either a slice of cheese or a cheese stick and a slice or two of your lunch meat of choice. Simply roll the cheese up inside the meat and enjoy.

If you have a more refined pallet and want to take things one step further, I recommend the pickle roll up. I think it is best served with ham, but follow your heart. Lay down your piece of ham, spread some cream cheese on it and place a pickle spear in the center. Roll up and enjoy. Whipped cream cheese spread is by far the easiest and in case you’re wanting to really indulge in the local culture of Hadley being the ‘Asparagus Capital of the World’, I would also recommend trying this out with pickled asparagus!

If you haven’t been inspired yet to pack yourself some roll ups for lunch, how about a turkey, apple cheddar roll up? Simply slice up your apples, put a slice of apple and some sharp cheddar cheese on your piece of turkey and roll!

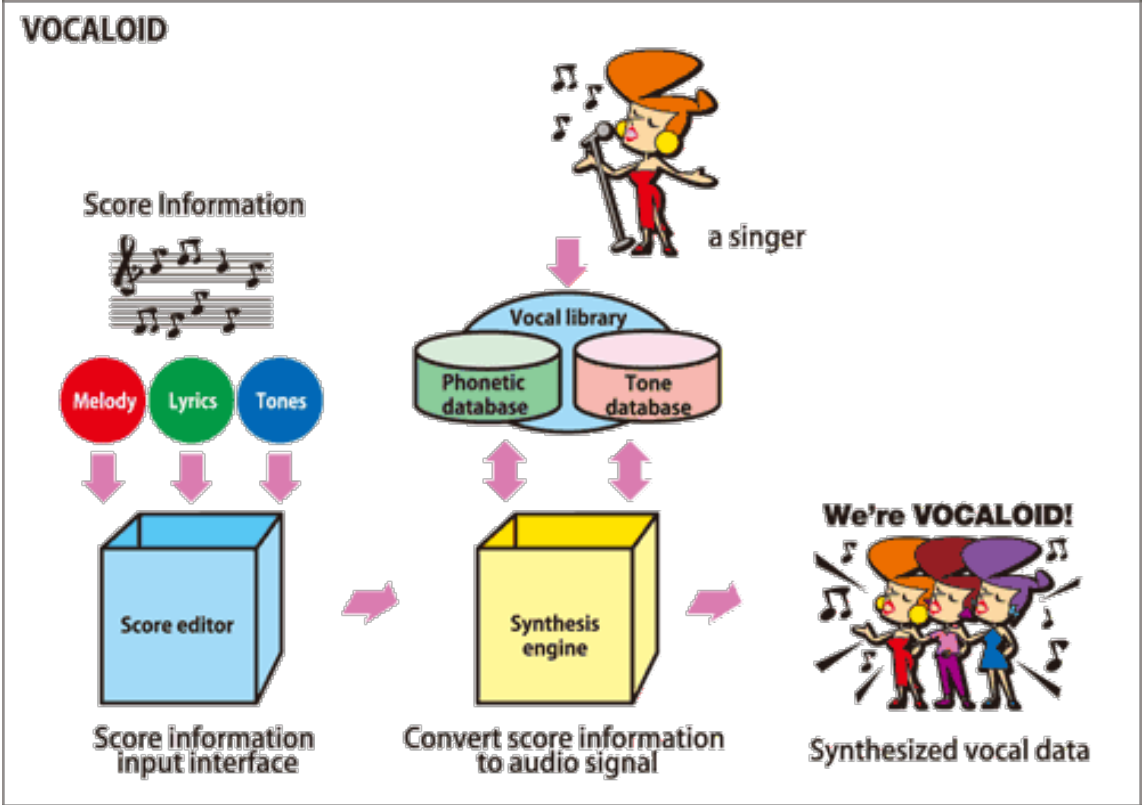
Hopefully this reminds you that ‘cooking’ doesn’t have to be complicated. There are a million different ways to fuel your body and it doesn’t have to be a chore! Happy rolling!

VOCALOID 101 - Lesson 1. What is VOCALOID?

by Jess Lin Jimenez

Ok, so VOCALOID6 was just officially released on Thursday, October 13th, 2022. I’ve put off making this for long enough and now I absolutely need to write it. If you’ve known me for more than ten minutes you’ve probably heard me talking about vocaloid. The following is all watered down because there’s so much technicality. That’s why we should talk about this in person... why we should have a vocaloid club. Seriously. Hmu. [jwj21@hampshire.edu](mailto:jwj21@hampshire.edu)

I.



(Courtesy of a 2010 archived article from NetVOCALOID)

To understand what vocaloid is and a bit about why it’s so AMAZING, have a look at an abbreviated passage from an archived 2003 article by Scott Wilkinson, called *Humanoid or Vocaloid?* You can understand the main ideas just by reading the **bolded** sentences.

“**Many acoustic instruments can be simulated convincingly with various synthesis techniques, such as sampling and physical modeling. But one instrument has resisted most simulation attempts: the singing voice.** That is because singing exhibits an unusually wide range of timbres, articulations, and transitions between sounds. In addition, singing usually communicates lyrics as well as melody, which results in a double layer of meaning not found in other instruments. Finally, the human ear is so attuned to the voice that the subtlest tonal shifts, errors, or anomalies are immediately apparent.

**[...] Using Visual C++ on a Windows computer, a team at the Yamaha Advanced System Development Center in Japan has written software that mimics the singing voice with surprising accuracy.**

**The team starts with recordings of professional male and female vocalists singing specially constructed phrases of nonsense words with all possible transitions between syllables.** The transitions are slightly different depending on the combination of speech sounds called *phonemes*. Those differences are a big part of how we understand words and why a vocal track sounds natural or artificial. For example, the phoneme *p* sounds slightly different at the beginning of a word than it does at the end, and it affects the vowels next to it differently than, say, the phoneme *t*.”

Basically, you can go to GarageBand and make a song with a guitar that isn’t there. In a similar fashion, you can make a song with the voice of a person who isn’t here. This is called “vocal synthesis”. You may have seen the term “synthesizer” used in reference to an electronic keyboard. It “synthesizes” the sound of a piano (or other instruments/sounds) to produce the effect that the sound is really coming from one. It’s the same idea in essence. The vocal equivalent to GarageBand would be a “vocal synthesis engine” or “vocal synthesizer”, like VOCALOID.

II.

Vocaloid = Vocal + Android

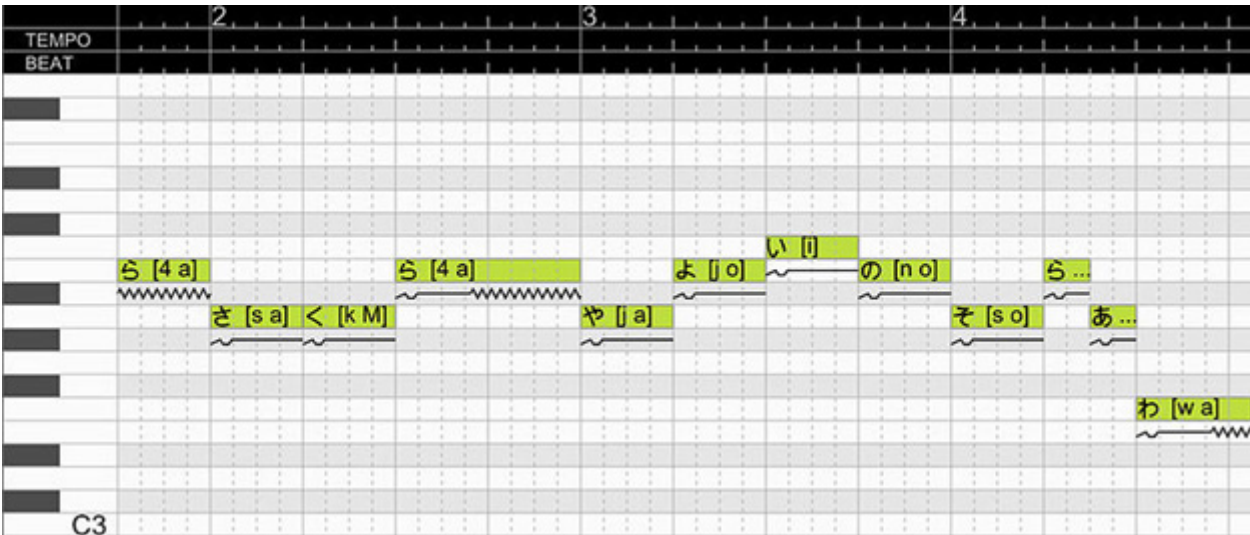
VOCALOID is the engine created by Yamaha. Maybe you’ve seen a piano or other instrument from the same brand. Yamaha’s VOCALOID was revolutionary, but there are a lot of other options now and “Vocaloid” has come to mean different things. Here are just some examples:

- The original Yamaha engine (very rare)
  - “VOCALOID is leagues behind the newer programs.”
- The individual synthesized voices. / The software of the voices themselves.
  - “Even though I like Meiko’s sound better, she’s way harder to use. That’s why I say my favorite vocaloid overall is Luka.”
- The characters/avatars associated with individual voices. Icons, often with a story.
  - “The ugliest vocaloid ever is Ryuto. I don’t care that he’s canonically 5.”



III.

To make a song with VOCALOID or a different vocal synthesizer, you select or import a voice to use. (You can create one yourself but that’s for a later time.) Then, along the piano roll, you create a melody with your mouse or import one (VSQX, MIDI, etc.). Insert lyrics by typing them into each note or if you’ve imported a melody, there are sometimes lyrics included. Among others, adjustable parameters include tempo for the song and “breathiness” for the vocals.



IV.

A few important terms:

- Voice provider, vp: The person whose voice is used as the base for a vocaloid.
- Crypton: Crypton produced the most popular vocaloids, all originally created for use with Yamaha’s VOCALOID engine. In 2019 Crypton announced its split from Yamaha, meaning that these “Cryptonoids” are no longer “vocaloids” according to the more pendantic fans. Crypton has said it’s creating its own vocal synthesizer. Left to right:
  - Meiko has a strong voice. Infamously hard to use but she was made for professional use. Old but classic fanon: alcoholic, insecure about her age.
  - Luka is the cool pink girl. For a hot minute she was the queen of vocaloid instead of Miku. Look up “Luka Luka Night Fever”. It’s said that she was announced earlier than Miku, but complications with her voice provider delayed her production and release so that Miku preceded her. Just imagine.
  - Miku is the girl with the blue twin tails. Centered, of course. She’s the Mickey Mouse of vocaloid. You’ve probably seen her.
  - Rin and Len are the “twins”. Note the quotation marks. They were released as twins but people quickly began to interpret their relationship in a far spicier way, so Crypton changed their official relationship to be “mirrors” of one another.
  - Kaito is the blue guy at the end. Poor man was not popular AT ALL for a long time. He was “rediscovered” through a song about ice cream (“An Answer To Hatsune Miku”) and he’s been associated with ice cream ever since. Now he’s a fan favorite. His vp Naoto Fuuga calls him his son <3





- Character items. Sometimes the vocaloid characters are associated with objects, either by fanon, canon, or it started out as a fanon thing and then became canon. Gakupo, the best vocaloid, has an eggplant for his character item and proudly rides it as a horse in his nedoroid pictured below. The second image is from the classic Miku son, Po Pi Po.



There is so, so, so very, very much to say that hasn't been said. Please... for the love of anything, talk to me about vocaloid. More to come. 🐑

# SECTION LIES

## Archives of a world gone awry

by Isabelle Casavant

January 16th, 2082

Katherine,

Things have changed in Newtown City. A lot. Many apathetic citizens withhold the belief that there is no issue, but they turn a blind eye to the impoverished and brain dead. Like a flatfish, they are unable to see the other side of things, and therefore, I consider them blind.

Machines have taken over. Our McDonalds, Wal-Marts and other chain enterprises are regulated by machines. Nobody has to leave the comfort of their homes anymore. The only jobs with human staffing are bankers, doctors and construction workers, to name a few. Everything else falls within the hands of technology; with a click of a button, one can purchase anything they might need to last them the apocalypse.

I'm lucky enough to be one of the few citizens here who earned herself a job. I work in transportation, helping citizens traverse across the city. A taxi-driver, you could refer to it as. Self-driving cars were banned when fatal casualties became... almost too casual.

Considering my age, I'm lucky enough to have earned myself such a position.

The number of unemployed citizens has increased by tenfold over the past twenty years. Nobody can find a job that hasn't been taken over by AI, and nobody has friends anymore. Friends are a thing of the past. You make friends through jobs and day-to-day interactions, but with the lack of employed citizens, there's a lack of companionship in our community.

I have friends, Kath. You'd love them. We're all within the transportation field, and we met on the first day of the job. If you hadn't sat in the passenger seat with me 66 years ago when I first learned to drive, I might have not earned the job that I'm lucky enough to have today. So, I give an immense "thank you."

The air... smells of gasoline and asphalt all the time. Anything that wasn't procured by Mother Nature herself must be sought out, and can barely be seen in the big city. When the evenings approach, the once-bright stars that I'd make wishes upon as a young girl are obscured by fog. City lights are the modern-day stars.

I know how much you love to stargaze. Maybe it's better that you're no longer in Newtown, for there aren't many stars to gaze upon.

I wish I could get these letters to you. I hope you are well.

Love,  
Maizy



Lovely Katherine,

Employees all across Newtown City are going on strike. Their families, too sick or unable to obtain a job, can barely survive the natural selection of this modern world.

I’m torn. I can only purchase my basic necessities and don’t have the money for anything else. I can’t take my friends out for lunch or drink alcoholic beverages that serve no purpose but to please the mind. I drink only water.

Yet, I want to go on strike. I want to stop earning money. I want to let the government know that the AI’s sudden control of our enterprises and jobs is leading to nothing but harm, famine, and death. I want to stop this.

But what will that do for me? If our protests don’t sway the government’s steadfast mindset, then my efforts would have been for naught. I will die, having done nothing but chauffeur people around the expansive city.

I hope the public gets over this soon.

Best,  
Maiz

January 22, 2082

Kath,

I have decided to go on strike. Not for too long; just long enough to prove a point. My friends are doing the same thing, and I didn’t want to lose them due to my petty, selfish ideologies.

I’m eating less and less food everyday. I’ve skipped lunch, though it was never really of any importance in the first place.

Without people to drive them, more and more citizens have begun walking. I’ve noticed Mrs. Williams, a woman I used to chauffeur just two blocks down the street, on Windsor St, meandering along the same path I always took when she was in the car. It seems that she’s taken it upon herself to walk to her job now, and if I hadn’t chosen to go on strike in the first place, she wouldn’t be taking those extra steps. It makes me gain a sense of pride.

My boss approached me at my front step this morning (rather odd, but everyone knows everyone’s address nowadays), demanding that I return to my job, lest he fire me on the spot. Paranoid, I promised to return the next day.

That was before I glanced upon the front page of the newspaper the next morning. Headlined was a large print proclaiming “Mass Evacuation of Newtown City Inhabitants: AI Robs Jobs”. The article, written by an astute author by the name of Edgar Clemmings, discusses the AI’s control over the music and transportation industry, something that instantly made my blood run cold.

The article goes in depth about a new and safe technology that was discovered with the ability to transport citizens safely from location to location without the use of any apparent driver.

I was the driver. I am no longer needed.

My boss never came to my door that day to scold me. My friends must be grieving as well, for they haven’t gotten in touch with me for days. Windsor St is bare; Mrs. Williams is no longer walking.

I’ve been searching for another job, but all positions are filled. I’ve lost hope. There are no stars to wish upon.

I wish you were here. It would make things oh so easier.

Love,  
Maizy

February 2, 2082

My Dear Katherine,

I apologize for the lack of updates; you see, I’ve taken what one might call a “trip”, though it’s more of an expedition than anything.

The money I had earned prior to my strike dwindled and disappeared just about a week ago, leaving me with nothing.

With nothing else to do aside from starve in my empty apartment, I took it upon myself to leave Newtown City. I hated the idea of spending my last moments in life staring at a blank wall. My last moments are coming soon Kath; I am in my mid-eighties.

I brought my pen and paper to ensure my communication with you, a couple granola bars to sustain me, and all the clothes my bag could fit.

I began walking. Past Windsor and Stoll. I left my apartment behind. I left the city behind. My old bones took a beating from the extensive physical exercise, but I managed just fine. I’ve always had good health.

That’s when I began to see it. Trees. Grass. Foliage. Green.

I hadn’t seen such an abundance of nature since childhood, and I was solely reminded of you. You had the tendency to always stain your white pants green as you frolicked in the fields. They never managed to stay white for 20 minutes.

A chill was biting me by the late afternoon, and I decided to hunker down for some rest under a low hanging branch. The sky turned from a navy blue to a deep black, the clouds parted, and I saw it...

Stars.

Real ones. Not the modern-day frauds.

They were above me, twinkling. They were stationary too, further proving that they weren’t airplanes like in the big city.

I almost forgot that the stars were real, Kath. I missed them. They remind me of you.

I miss you. I think about you frequently. You were never able to watch over me with the smog in the sky, but now, I feel like I can see you above me. I can see your smile in the stars. Twinkling.

I don’t know where I plan to go or what I plan to do. I haven’t thought that far. I haven’t even thought about tomorrow. To be quite frank, I think I’ve lived my life to the extent I wanted to. I’m ready to join you, my dear Kath, and I can tell you’re ready too.

See you soon, my best friend and greatest companion.

Love,  
Maizy 

# Crunch Crunch Crunch

by CK

The last bit of sun glazes over the sidewalk in front me. Night meanders closer and closer. Warmth begins to dissipate as the cold wind sweeps through. The brightly colored leaves shed their trees and find a resting place on the ground. Crunch Crunch Crunch. My feet crackle over the fallen leaves. Each step is a step closer. Crunch Crunch Crunch. I gaze behind me ever so paranoid. Darkness slowly overwhelms the light. Coldness emerges through the trees. Leaves fly all around me. Crunch Crunch Crunch. The steps get closer as I look all around me. My startled self gets a reminder of life as a pair of headlights peer through the darkness. The leaves crackle under the tires as the lights meander past me. As soon as the lights dissipate into the darkness, I become overwhelmed with fear. Crunch Crunch Crunch. Is someone watching? Do they know I'm here? My pace picks up. My legs propel me forward. Night grows thicker. The blizzard of leaves flurry around me. Crunch Crunch Crunch. I find the road and turn quickly. My walk turns into a jog as time speeds up. I cannot miss this window. Crunch Crunch Crunch. House spotted. Door busted. Window shattered. Possessions strewn. Crunch crunch crunch... It happened in an instant. I didn't have time to think. I did what I had to. Crunch Crunch Crunch.... Red everywhere. Consciousness gone. Sanity abyssal.... Crunch Crunch Crunch.... Hide it. Scour the house. Crunch Crunch Crunch. The sun glazes over the sidewalk in front of me. Night slowly disappears. Warmth slowly takes over the cold. The brightly colored leaves shed their trees and find a resting place on the ground. Crunch Crunch Crunch.

Happy Spooky SZN. 🧛

# Emotions

by Isaac Gauderman

a very tall, slightly thin man dressed half-assedly as a mine steps into center frame and a spotlight shines heavily on his face  
He seems to physically swallow his pride and begins familiarly addressing the audience  
“I’m told my work will be transcribed and published elsewhere, so if you don’t get it just know it’s more of a spoken word piece... Also if you don’t like it, you can blame my ghost writer James, he’s sitting over there in the weird-ass Jean Paul Gaultier glasses with the shaved head, tight bright blue denim jacket, vibrant yellow oversized corduroys and pine green doc martins. Everybody say ‘Hi James’”  
“Hi Jaaaaames”  
A few shy seconds pass  
“I love James guys, he’s so cool. I’m sorry if this piece hits you where it hurts, James told me he got really into the writing and just got lost, so be cautious in your listening..... Watch your ears”  
About 2 minutes of silence go by as he smiles and stares at the crowd  
“Alright here I go”  
“HOLYYYYY SHIT  
HOOOLY FUCK  
FUUUUUUCK  
HOLY SHIIIT  
HO-HOLY SHIIIIIII-SHIIIIIIIIIT  
WHAT THE FUUUUUUUUUUCKKK  
HOLY FUCKIN SHIIIIIIIT  
AGAGHAHAHAHHHAHAHA  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHGHHHHHHHHHHH  
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA  
SHIIIIIIIIIIIT  
SHITTTTTTTTTTTTT HOLYYYYYY FUUUUUUCK  
THE HOLYYYYY SHIIIIIIIT  
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCKIN HOLY SHIIIIIT  
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK  
SHIIIIIIIIIIIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT  
whatever” 🧛

Father Gonzaga arrived before seven o'clock, alarmed at the strange news. By that time onlookers less frivolous than those at dawn had already arrived and they were making all kinds of conjectures concerning the captive's future. The simplest among them thought that he should be executed. Others of sterner mind, five-star general in order to win, be put to stud in order to improve, could take charge of the university, had been a robust wood catechism in an instant and asked a close look at that pitiful man among the fascinated chicker wings in the sunlight among early risers had thrown him. Alien to the impertinences of the world, he only lifted his antiquarian eyes and murmured something in his dialect when Fa



by Leo Zhang 🧛

# Things I'd put my dick in If I had One (Response)

by Sean Song

**Author's note(1):** After I've read this humorous list and discussed this with friends, I've decided to respond to this list. You see, I have a dick and kept it around for 22 years. However, I've never stuck the darn thing into anything so I thought "Why not, it will be a fun brain stretch exercise before writing." So this will be a rating of the Ifs and buts and candy and nuts on what if I stuck my erect dick into these said items. I cannot stress this enough. **I never stuck my dick in said items.** So keep your 18+ fetish brains in the gutter, and let's laugh at these dick jokes, shall we?

Also, shout out to Wren Dagostino for permission to make a response to this list.

- Ice Cream
  - Me: "My balls and dick will shrink in the pint."
  - Reader: "How do you know if your dick will shrink in the pint"
  - Me: "Whether I don't bundle up properly for new england, my balls will shrink into my body. ALSO BIOLOGY!!!!!!!!!!"
  - (3/10) will waste a pint again
- Hot Dog Roll
  - Hehe, Hotdog🌭. Comfy but meh
  - (5/10) making pornos great again
- House Plant
  - My first concern was wondering if the plant gave consent.
  - Second, What kind of houseplant will dick-tate my rating like if I stick my dick in a cactus then my nuts will be stabbed so not go there.
  - Third, Where do I stick it? It is just leaves and nothing more. Do I stick my dick in the dirt? I mean, it will be damp and uncomfy but that is not the point cause does the dirt count as the plant
  - (2/10) Make Plant rights live again
- Lit Candles
  - Hot as in burning off my pubes, nuts, and melting my goldenrod into candle. I assume to stick my dick in the back end of candle.
  - (1/100) your dick privileges will be plundered
- Butter
  - Roomate: "Hey man, did we run out of butter?"
  - Me: Made my hair as buttery smooth as using Pantene, the only shampoo I -
  - (6/10) will exotic butter again
- Hair Gel
  - What a waste of good hair gel, If you love the smell of dick in your hair, then I guess you can try DICK SPORTING GOODS NEW PRODUCT: DICK HAIR GEL. THE ONE HAIR GEL TO ASSERT YOUR DOMINANCE
  - 9/10 will never do a commercial again

- Sugar Scrub
  - For real though, I had to look up what a sugar scrub and I was like "OH! I made that lavender lemon scrub when I first got here." And then I realize, "Oh shit, it will feel like sand in my swim trunks." If you never had a sand up swimsuit, then First of all, you are a lucky bastard. Second, it feels like your dick and nuts became sand paper rubbing each other, which is the worst pain ever. Maybe if it is watered, I can see it feeling good but other than that is a no thank you on me
  - 5/10 will never penis Scrub again

- Peanut Butter:



- 10/10 will make puns again.
- Spaghetti Squash
  - Honestly, it is a waste of good squash. Would it feel good? Probably yes. Would you get a weird pumpkin fungus? A good 60% chance! Because the penis is an extend Va.J.J peehole and if you get some squash seed in there, there is no farmer on god or earth to help you with your nut squash problems
  - 7/10 never waste food ever again.
- Spaghetti-os
  - I don't know what OS means so I assume it is a meal, noodles, sauce and all. My god, I have insulted Italian cooking if I stuck my junk into the sauce. Like no joke,If I stick my junk in the sauce, I will get previous life flashbacks to a time where I was a struggling Venice chef in the early 1970s, trying to rebound his business but end up being indebted and homeless. Will it feel good? Not really as I stuck my dick in some sauce. Will the flashbacks happen? I will never know.
  - 5/10 I am scared of wild imagination 🤪

**Author's note(2):** There are too many dick jokes in this piece, and I feel like a 10 year old who figured out that cock is a bad word. It will feel great if I keep saying the word cock to stick it to my parents, but I will put my dick in my mouth if I say any more. Be ready for the next edition because the next one is the byproduct of this exercise



**HAMPSHIRE PRESIDENT ED WINGENBACH AND  
CHIEF KEEF TO COLLAB ON THE NEW CHIEF  
KEEF MIXTAPE “BACK FROM THE DEAD 4”.**

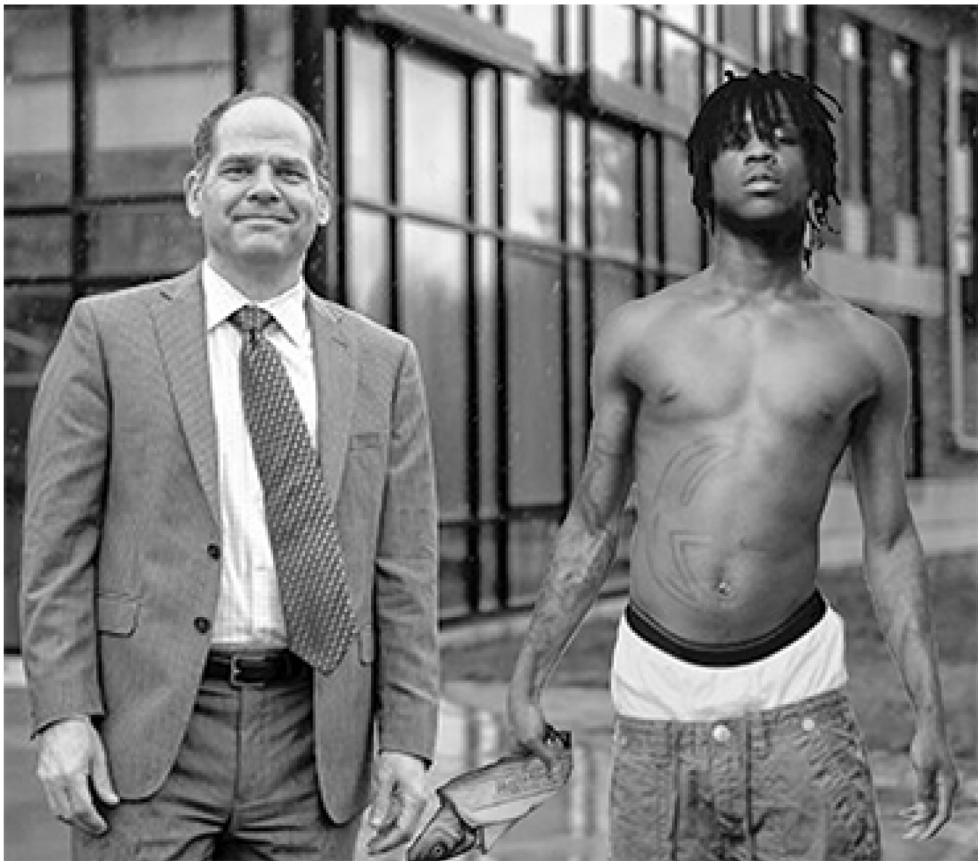


Photo circa October 15, 2022

When we asked Ed for further details about this collaboration mixtape, Ed would only reply with “*We GBE!*” and declined any further questioning. Any questions directed towards Chief Keef were only answered with “*Bang Bang*”. People working close with the two have said that this project had been tried twice before but due to creative differences the previous two attempts seemed to have sizzled out.

**SUBMIT YOUR SIGNED MISINFORMATION TO THE OMEN  
@ OMEN@HAMPSHIRE.EDU**

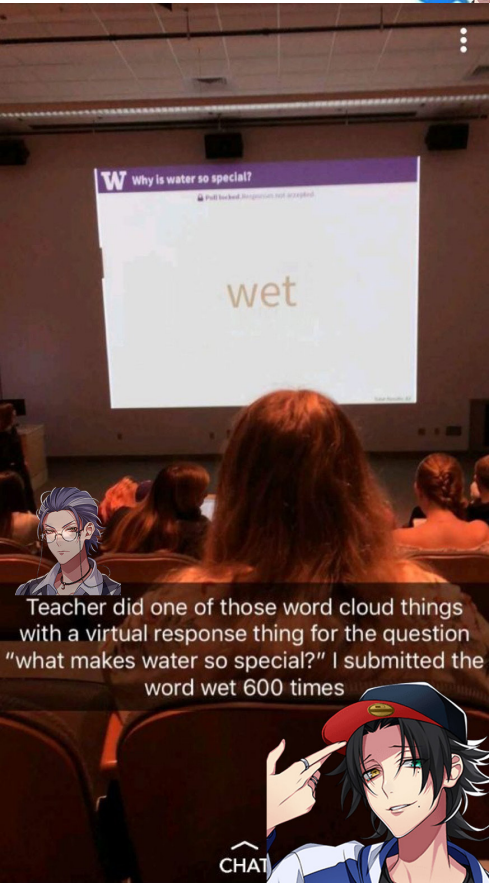
*This post was created by Teddy Stahl, 22F*

*Section Hate*

hypmic memes

by Leo Zhang

idc if you know who these anime men are. i’m having a good time and i like them. i made all of these







**roob**  
@roob\_drummer

snowing hard this morning. Jyuto slid through a red light. Only thing he said was “we slidin” i cant stop thinking about this

8:50 AM · 11 Nov 19 from Chicago, IL · [Twitter for iPhone](#)



**pathologising**

why cant I just bite people when they piss me off like what's the fucking issue here

WAT R UR ADJECTIVES

U mean my pronouns??

NO I ALREADY KNO UR PRONOUNS WAT R UR ADJECTIVES

Uh I dunno? What r urs?

NOISY AN CHAOTIC

I've never had something go from making no sense 2 complete sense so fast

**Anonymous** 12/18/21(Sat)14:04:41 No.66614926

 35 KB

>tfw too intelligent for heterosexuality  
Being gay is my only hope of finding a partner even close to my intellectual league.

**Anonymous** 12/18/21(Sat)15:40:12 No.66614927

Are you from Ancient Greece or something



Strike 098 · 10 hours ago

I went to report the video but there is no option for "Cringe" so I just picked terrorism


154 15

15 replies



**captain glasses**  
@online\_shawn

When my parents went to Ireland with my grandfather who hadn't been there in 25 years he took them to his favorite pub. When they went in a guy at the bar said "oh god he's back"



**bang!**  
@ectoBIOLOGIST

i just want to let you all know that a 13 year old girl just bought a yoda plush from my bookstore and immediately went "run over bitch in my 2003 toyota prius i must" to her older brother who responded in howling laughter

12:35 AM


Get bell soon

Wet\*

Wep\*

forget it

brother you can just die



**mawbwehownets** [Follow](#)

ah shit im sorry man, my schedule for the week is all booked

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
yearn	pine	long	ache	sigh	lament	crave

**wehavetomakeitbros**

Cant relate here is my schedule 🤔

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
GO BEAST MODE						



**Ara** @AraDG11 · 1d

when i get doordash i order 20 cheeseburgers at a time and heat them up throughout the week so that i dont have to pay the delivery fee multiple times



744 4,082 42.9K



**JR** @JR53159 · 18h

I hope you understand how food poisoning works

59 47 1,236



**Ara** @AraDG11

I hope food poisoning understands how I work. I never met a burger I couldnt eat.



**hysaun**  
@Hys3x

i'm high i made this hamburger helper wit no milk this shit taste like cargo pants

11:19 PM · 5/20/22 · [Twitter for iPhone](#)

810 Retweets 141 Quote Tweets 9,110 Likes

**DANGER** @DavidAndersOn\_ · 11h

Replying to @Hys3x

Why do you know what cargo pants taste like??

1 3 38



**hysaun** @Hys3x · 11h

i be in situations

3 20 536

Hey what's that 69 emoji in your bio mean? 🤔

4:26 PM

huh

4:28 PM ✓

this emoji right here what that mean

It just kinda had me curious


4:30 PM

Cancer

4:30 PM ✓

Ohh shit I'm soo sorry idk how long have you had it?


I hope you beat it frfr





**thunkmoved4837239403808457439** [Follow](#)

what should i get at ihop


**otherkinned**

 Anonymous asked "pancake combo" ?

 Anonymous asked "sucked dry" ?

 Anonymous asked "killed" ?

alright.








Anonymous

03/19/20(Thu)23:31:20 No.57238072




One day, someone will think about you for the last time in eternity. You will be forgotten by the world and the universe.


74 KB


 21  Share 

BEST COMMENTS

 tiredtumbleweed • 3h

Not if I eat the Mona Lisa



86 

venice witch

@horchataqween


the other day i politely returned the question "how are you doing?" at a driver who asked the same of me, and he replied "oh, you know, same soup just reheated" and i can't stop thinking about that

8:22 PM · 3/29/19 · Twitter for iPhone

22K Retweets 137K Likes

rslashrats


Follow



what if you went to a little knick knack store and they had like. a little hole in the ground and there was a sign that was like "one of the deepest holes in the world???" drop a coin in... if you dare :)" so you decide. okay so you get a penny and drop it in there and you never hear it hit a bottom and irts really dark in there. so you assume okay i guess it is kinda deep. and walk away. but the secret is that the hole isnt that deep... you didnt hear it hit a hard bottom because theres a guy in there at the bottom who catches the coins. with his mouth. he eats the coins. what would u do

noellevanious


Follow



right. i was just asking you if you wanted to play jackbox with us tonight. i dont know why you keep bringing up the guy in the hole that eats coins every time we talk

rslashrats

Follow




what if he ate dollars too .

wayneradiotv

Follow


chocolatechipscones asked:

Just wanna check, what's your pronouns? :-) thank



wayneradiotv answered:


he/ham



wayneradiotv

Follow

you know what i meant



mealwife

Follow



sloommy





grub1let





pork





the-one-the-only-derpghost





bef





skunkmemther





Tokey





cassettecadet





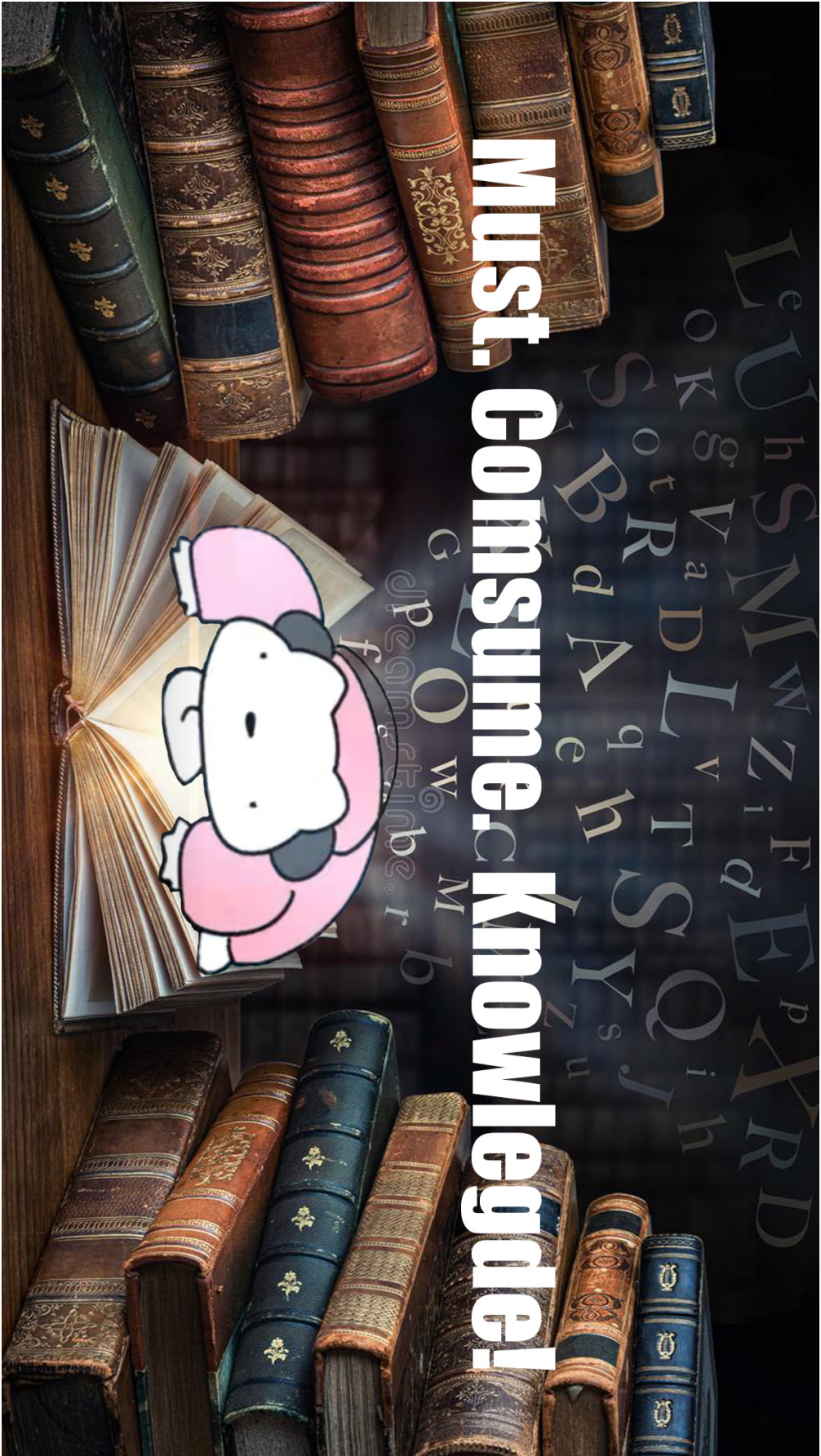
this guy's meat!





demo-ness





by Sean Song



**WE SAID**

**GO  
HOME.**

